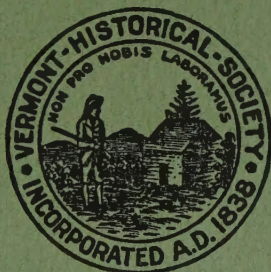


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PROCEEDINGS
of the
VERMONT
Historical Society



Heroic Buffoon
The One Hundred and First Annual Meeting
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MARCH
1939

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Proceedings
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MARCH

1939

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Helen Hartness Flanders of Springfield, Vermont, who is in charge of the Archive of Vermont Folk-Songs, has followed unexplored paths into the balladry of the state, and ballads of ancient lineage have been among her discoveries. She has prepared a paper on the general theme for us; and we hope to add to it a few of the rare tunes. George P. Anderson, Esq., of Boston, Mass., has promised us a paper entitled, "Highgate from an Old Account Book." We are certain our readers will welcome both articles.

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Printed and made in the United States of America by E. L. Hildreth & Company, Inc.

Publication Office: 8 Harmony Place, Brattleboro, Vermont.

\$3.00 A Year

Published Quarterly

75 Cents A Copy

GENERAL OFFICE: MONTPELIER, VT.

Entered as second-class matter December 23, 1937, at the post office at Brattleboro, Vermont, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

P V H S
Proceedings of the
Vermont Historical Society
1939

NEW SERIES

MARCH

VOL. VII No. 1

HEROIC BUFFOON

By PROFESSOR ROBERT DAVIS

*Department of History
Middlebury College*

"'God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small town,' so runs the damnatory proverb," says Harlan Paul Douglass in his able study of the little town in its rural relationships [The Little Town by Harlan Paul Douglass. Macmillan. 1921]. Just who or what made the village the "proverb" sayeth not, but the village in Vermont, possibly in New England, has represented a political, social, and economic entity of marked importance in the development of a characteristic state. One of the interesting social aspects of the village of the past has been the emergence of special types—the singing-teacher, the dancing-master, the cobbler, and others who through the movement of social processes came to hold and fulfil a unique place in village life. With this informal paper by Professor Davis we introduce one type. While the paper is based on the near present, we believe that the author's skill has caught the reflections that are as essentially as much of the past as the present. Other types will have their moments in these pages as material discussing their personalities and background comes to light. Editor.

IT is an unusual hamlet of the north country which does not have its boy who never grew up. The seed grain of his mental faculties never quite germinated. Without going to the almshouse he, never-

theless, lives on the town. He was born and reared among its three-score dwellings. He sits at the center of the spiderweb. He knows everything about everybody.

As a family spreads a cloak of benevolent protection about its child of unfinished brain, so a village will informally appoint itself the guardian of its adult child. A conspiracy of almost maternal solicitude associates Primrose Terrace and Across-the-Tracks in his behalf. His peccadillos, his trivial larcenies, his volcanic eruptions of profanity, his unwashed and ragged apparel, his bouts with mysteriously-acquired alcohol, his picturesque and chronic indolence, are forgiven and even condoned by the frostiest spinsters of the sect. They knew Tommydoo's mother, poor soul, and they recall her deathbed distress as to what might befall her inefficient boy. Many a half-pie is set on the buttery window sill for him. His barbs of repartee are repeated with relish. Why, even Miss Euphemia, up at the Judge's, has been known to giggle like a grammar-school girl over some of Tommydoo's retorts. And when that bubonic plague of New England, known as "cleaning house," descends upon the settlement, not a few pairs of trousers and shoes, "with a good lot of wear in 'em yet," are smuggled into the hall closet against the next visit of the communal protégé. Under our firmament none wish him ill. From our ramrod senator on the Hill to our "wop" trackwalker in the freight yards, at any hour of the day, Tommydoo is sure of an amiable nod, a companionate wave of the hand. He is the lowest common denominator of village democracy. He is the touch of nature that makes us kin.

Either as collegians or as natives, during the past several decades, some thousands have lived in Old Middlebury, who are to-day sown broadcast across the continent. From their memories much has been erased by the years. The doctors and the dominies, the money-changers and the judges, the professors and the sedate ladies have flitted in and out of our local pageant. But if one of them was ever authentically domiciled within our township, he will not have forgotten Tommydoo. The sound of those mellifluous vowels will prick his ears to attention. Infallible as the light of morning, Tommydoo was at his station by the monument in the Square, or was dragging his sled or his child's express wagon through the thoroughfares of the village. Always behind in his engagements, he was like his colleagues in the more aristocratic brackets: he enjoyed keeping his clients in suspense. Grass to cut, leaves to rake, paths to gravel, potatoes to dig, apples to

pick, gardens to weed, snow to shovel, cellars to sweep, ashes to wheel into the driveway—the entire solar year was Tommydoo's employment solicitor. He and nature worked "in cahoots." And for the passer-by, a sight of his bunched shoulders and short thighs, encased in their oversize overalls and their all-season leather jacket, was as reliable an indicator of the locality as was the gilt sign in front of the Congregational Church.

The Kenleathers had lived since before the Civil War in a two-room cabin on the far-away slope of Chipman Hill, members of the small but undeniable class of Green Mountain Whites. As a toddler Tommy was normal and trudged daily to school for two years. That was before the obscure disease, then called "Canker Rash," and latterly made better known to Americans by their chief magistrate, struck him. The old wives of the mountains shared their herbs, their home-brewed embrocations and their condolences with the Widow Kenleather, but it was a year before the boy could stand on his feet. The sickness had woefully changed him. His head was disproportionately large, his body shrunken. Neighbors foresaw that he would be a dwarf. At school his brain no longer seemed to follow the sequence of instruction, and, after fruitless experiment, he was excused from attendance.

Then began the period of complete happiness in Tommydoo's lifetime. The growth of his body was checked, but the vital fluid was diverted, as it were, to the fortifying of the body already in his possession. His limbs became prodigiously strong, his hearing and vision acute. His brain functioned less, but his instincts guided him with a surer accuracy. Barefoot, in heat or snow, he ran the hills. On their own terrain, he could compete with the fleet and furtive forest creatures. He slept where darkness overtook him, ate scantily but digested all. At any spot between Ripton Gorge and Black River Falls, he was on his home premises. It was only his mother's death and the closing of the cabin that brought him to the town. And somewhere about this time his name, due to the teasing of the school children, was metamorphosed through Tommy-hoo-doo-you into Tommydoo.

In him was growing a sense of aloofness from humans, and a sense of solidarity with the animals of lesser mentality. His spiritual equipment made him closer kin to them. On his face was the vacant expression of neutrality, which, when you came to examine it, was no

expression at all, but the same impersonal set of lines that mark the front side of the head of a dog or a horse. The cat or dog expresses its mood by a wagging tail or a purr, but not by its facial composition. Tommydoo was like that. His round face wore a mask of bemused geniality. He had what New Yorkese designates a "dead-pan."

His second expression was rare. People stood to one side when they saw it coming. It came when he saw an animal being brutalized, or when some child or helpless creature was in pain. Subliminal rage boiled up from the very soles of his feet. When this primitive spell was upon him, neither time, space, place, or human relationship existed. In the veritable Biblical sense he was possessed of a demon. This second expression was terrifying to behold.

A dog has a second expression, when his hackles rise, his eyes focus to pin points of battle lust, his lips lift to bare his teeth. A snake has a second expression. It lies motionless as a dead stick, and the expression consists of a flickering tongue in a poised head. During these rare intervals people recognized that there was something inside Tommydoo that did not show on the surface. "Doc" Wilson, up at the college, called him a "natural."

Once on Main Street he hugged a Polish teamster into insensibility and heaved him eight feet into a snowdrift for kicking an injured horse in the head. The flabby storekeepers, inside their shop windows, sucked in a quick breath. Within that squat carcass slept something which had better be left asleep. Without being able to analyze it, they felt the presence of some cosmic, elemental propensity, deep-bedded as the spark of primal execration.

During those earlier years Tommydoo once had steady work. It was as general handyman on the farm of Deacon Solon Summers. For several seasons it lasted and Tommydoo appeared anchored for life. One of his outbursts of blasphemy, which he had always been unable to control, was the cause of the break. Among the Methodists the Deacon is a prolific prayermaker, and his agriculture is conducted on evangelical lines.

Tommydoo had undeniable provocation. A drove of half-grown pigs had nosed their way into the bean patch, and he had painstakingly excluded them and repaired the fence. But they got in again, during the family's noonday meal, and all conversational restraint blew up. Like true ladies, the women shut the windows and held pillows over their ears. But the two grandsons of the Deacon clung

to Tommydoo's heels, asphyxiated with joy, unwilling to lose a syllable. Never had they conceived that language held such symphonic flights.

"Git," said the Deacon, redder than his own gobbler. "Git, git, git, afore I break out 'n do y' damage."

"Aw, Deacon, y' don't mean it." Tommydoo was all contrition. "God don't care. You pray a lot at th' church, an' I swear a lot aroun' th' farm, but God knows that neither of us means a word of it." It was then that the Deacon ran for the pitchfork.

While he was earning steady wages at the Summers farm, Tommydoo had his love affair—at least, had circumstances been favoring, it might have been one. Before he sank into the casual and soiled irresponsibility that has been his subsequent fate, the child that never grew up seems to have heard the whispering of youth's universal desire for a mate and a home.

His eyes turned toward Quaker Village, where the Wheldons, practicing members of that thrifty sect, had three daughters. Tommydoo let it be known that the lady's good looks, when it came to his making his choice, would be quite secondary to her good nature and to her skill as a fabricator of food. The Wheldons had two claims to local fame—the milk-fat production of their Guernseys and the nobility of their victuals. As cooks there was small choice between the daughters of the house. The girls had the kind of noses that children make from putty, and substantial, underslung chassis. But when they approached a cookstove the very gods on Olympus blew them kisses.

Preparing for his courtship, Tommydoo borrowed masculine finery. He intended to do the thing right. There was a beetle-back coat, with ample tails, which had been designed for a taller man. There were a pair of yellow crash garments, such as are now called "plus fours" but were then known as "bicycle pants." These brushed his boots and concealed the lustre of the green stockings. Also he had rented a bicycle for the jaunt.

The Quakers have a custom of which Tommydoo had not been informed. They will invite you to partake of hospitality, but once the invitation is refused, they do not further persuade the guest. On Tommydoo's arrival at the Wheldons the girls were milking the Guernseys. He stood on one foot and then on the other, in the doorway of the barn. The bell sounded for supper. "Wilt thou break bread with us?" courteously asked the plainest girl. But Tommydoo,

expecting to be teased, shook his head. He wasn't. Alone he remained in the woodshed. Inside the kitchen was heard the cheerful rattle of plates, the click of instruments. Tommydoo had ridden far and was empty. There before his eyes stood the foaming twelve-quart pails of perfumed milk. He lifted one to his lips, for a long nourishing draught. The handle of the pail settled surreptitiously over the back of his neck. Before he could get clear of the cursed thing, his shirt and the buff bicycle pants had absorbed practically all of the liquid.

Supper over, the Quakers invited him to spend the night, and he accepted on the instant. His bedroom was on the ground level, its windows opening upon a bouquet of lilac bushes. The night was balmy, and the guest conceived the idea of suspending his wet shirt and breeches outside, with the sash firmly closed upon their extremities.

Many Vermont families, whose major income is derived from dairying, practice the habit of letting the weanling calves into the house enclosure at night. At about four in the morning the Wheldon calves, attracted by their sense of smell, got to work on Tommydoo's costume. It tasted like mother. At daylight, when Tommydoo raised the window, there remained but shreds of the borrowed elegancies.

Many of those who claim to have witnessed his return to Middlebury are deceivers. It is like the crowd on the *Mayflower*. The road simply could not have been blocked by so many people at five o'clock of a morning. They say that the green stockings were not concealed, and that the flapping of the beetle-back tails was rapturous. But with this lone flight into romance, like the flight of the queen bee, circumstance clamped down on poor Tommydoo.

As the years rolled round, it was somewhat of an enigma how he managed to survive. In warm weather he and his express wagon were often in the hills, searching for berries, wild fruit, and fish. He knew when the game warden slept and where the big trout breakfasted. In winter he shoveled coal in the power plant, and curled up beside the boiler as his recompense. When the trucks from Boston arrived at the chain stores, he was always on hand to help in their unloading.

Pneumonia caught him once, in the dead center of February. A second cousin of his mother took him in, and thereby felt that she had earned her crown. It seemed as if Tommydoo's span had reached its

end. The doctor and the cousin stood beside the unconscious form. "Yes," the cousin was saying, "God, in His mercy, is coming for Tommydoo."

The dying man raised on his elbow. "By Criminee, I ain't goin' with Him." And he didn't.

Particularly did he frequent the back roads where ripen the uncultivated crab-apple and grape, that housewives prize as lending a woody tang to their domestic preserves. Dragging his express wagon, he would toil up the overgrown tracks to the site of abandoned homesteads, where a cluster of unpruned foliage and a gaping cellar testify to a once-happy center of colonial life.

On these excursions he was often accosted by tourists in automobiles. He seems to have made it a practice to tell inquirers just what they asked for, not a word less, nor more. He always had a direct answer. It was not, however, the answer that a person of more developed brain would have given. It was because his replies were so perfect and yet so unexpected that they became memorable. Anecdotes filtered back into many summer camps and garages, featuring a stumpy man with an uncombed mane, drawing an oversize express wagon at the end of a long string.

A lady driver once turned off her engine at the crest of a hill, spied the soiled figure, and exclaimed: "What be-e-youtiful sunsets you have up in this country!"

"Yes'm. Especially in th' afternoon."

During a test flight, some men in a Navy balloon lost their bearings in the fog. Suddenly the vapor parted and they saw below them a hilltop, and an upward-gazing figure. The pilot cupped his hands and shouted downward: "Where are we?"

The figure also cupped his hands and answered promptly: "You're up in a balloon."

A tourist was pacing back and forth along the highway, stretching his legs, while his driver changed a wheel. He felt an impulse to converse, as the puller of an express wagon approached. "Well, old timer, this seems a healthy region you have here, pure air, and all that. Do folks die up here often?"

"Only once."

The questioner shot Tommydoo a startled glance and coughed. "Say, have you lived here in the hills all your life?"

"Not yet."

Without we of the the village being aware of it, the boy who had never grown up added piquancy to our whole existence. He, who was under-sophisticated, did for us what, in the metropolis, the over-sophisticated columnist does for his readers. When we drew in around the supper table, there was rarely an evening that Tommydoo did not add a dash of paprika to the dish. And now that the little man has left us, our family keeps recalling his sayings of ten and twenty years ago as a sort of revolving obituary. It keeps him alive among us.

His head used to work in a perfectly logical way, but he didn't join his ideas together as the rest of us do. He and I would be thinking along together, and suddenly I'd find myself headed north, and he south. I never could tell just how we parted company. Many a time my children and I have been puzzled as to whether it was he or we who had the dislocated brain.

There was the time he went into Lem Glover's and asked for a soda.

"What flavor?" said Lem.

"I want it without."

"Without what?"

"What have y' got?"

"We got choc'late, strawb'r'y, an' vaniller."

"I don't want it without them. I want it without blackb'r'y."

"We don't carry blackb'r'y," said Lem.

"Well, then I don't have one today. I gotta have it without blackb'r'y." You must understand that Tommydoo didn't like blackberries. They gave him colic. He wanted revenge on them. He wanted the inner solace of standing in front of a counter of blackberry syrup bottles and turning up his nose at every danged bottle.

Or the day that he and Steve debated all afternoon at the bakery.

"Gimme a coupla doughnuts," Tommydoo had said. But when the saucer was handed him, he changed his mind. "No, I'll give 'em back, gimme a coupla m'llasses cookies instead."

His refreshment consumed, Tommydoo started for the door. "Hi there," called Steve. "Y' didn't pay f'r th' cookies."

"I give y' the doughnuts f'r th' cookies."

"But y' didn't pay f'r th' doughnuts."

"I didn't eat 'em. I give 'em back."

Nor was Squire Hutchins himself able to dislodge him from the logic of his contention.

As recollection assembles about the dingy and receding familiar of our Main Street, I am not able to disassociate him from his ball of string. They were a part of one another. It reached proud dimensions, that string, bigger than Prexy's silk hat, or the pigskin of the collegians. Tommydoo collected string as other personalities have collected postage stamps, or first editions, or oil paintings, or railroads. His eye glittered when it saw string. Whether they were coarse or fine, long or short, pink, white or blue, he was covetous of every thread. And his monster cocoon was securely hidden, as another man might bury his family plate.

In his mis-equilibrated brain, twine represented music, architecture, astronomy. And of a certainty, poetry. Twine stretched between trees was a straighter, more workmanlike line than one could draw with a stick. He preferred the full of the moon, when it was windless and unobserved, and the shadows stood clear on the snow. Any person of sense would know that the full of a winter moon is the proper time to connect the elms of Middlebury with one another. How else would the poor old things communicate? And they had so much to say. After the cackling crowd from the movies had gone home, and silence had descended like good medicine on the lawns and the campus.

Dozing against the boiler in the power plant, smeared with coal dust and damp with heat, Tommydoo had his vision. He had a call to be the linesman of the telephone company of the trees. Could anyone be so vast a fool as to imagine that these centenarian trunks have no confidences to exchange? The founder of the college, in his last years, used to lean against yonder one when the spells of coughing seized him. Statesmen, generals, and orators, had more than once rehearsed their thoughts under the privacy of those lofty branches. And it is a matter of sober record, year after year, that, when the moon rose hand-high over Moosalamoo, and the stark shadows lay upon the snow, he would retrieve his rainbow ball from its concealment, and spin his gossamer network.

Somewhere earlier in this piece did I say that the years when Tommydoo ran the hills were the completely blissful period of his life? I must take that back. Those days were no more than the gloating of a young animal in its freedom, its limbs ignorant of pain or restraint, and with no vestige of a soul yet born. It was in the January moonlights of his last decade, as he trudged among his white-blanketed elms and maples, that he experienced the solemn ecstasy of

creation. He used to talk to me a little when we were undisturbed in the boiler room. A very little, after he had sensed that I shared of his feeling of responsibility. I do not know how it feels to be a poet, but I think that Tommydoo, when working among his trees in the moonlight, possessed the inner incandescence that must go with the composition of good poetry. On these nights he went without mittens. He said that he never thought of cold. He had the self-assurance that comes with being the liaison officer between other of God's creatures, even less articulate than himself.

His end was catastrophic. It was the season of the spring freshet, toward the middle of March, two years ago. Our well-behaved Otter Creek had been replaced by an avalanche of tawny foam. Quite a crowd of us had come down to the canoe club to watch the trees, hen coops, and woodsheds chasing round and round in the whirlpool.

Luke Dulan, who is the biggest butcher in our county, was standing at the end of the wharf. His bull terrier, Tige, was with him. A half-drowned cat, with a couple of kittens clinging to her, floated by on top of a box, and circled into the eddy by the clubhouse. Luke was having a lot of fun, throwing stones to knock the cat into the water, or to kill the kittens. He was trying to get Tige to swim out and pull them off.

Something that looked like a streak of dingy rags parted the crowd. I was standing right there, and my only recollection is of teeth and spread-out fingers. It seemed to go through the air and fold around Luke's head. Tige jumped at the same instant, and got a good bull-terrier hold. The three of them toppled off the end of the dock. Once or twice I saw an arm or a leg lift out of the water, as I ran downstream to the dam. For a split second they were thrown clear of the rocks as they went over. It looked like a single body with a disproportionate, bulbous head, close-wrapped and black.

"Doc" Willett, who pried them apart when they floated ashore below the Weybridge power plant, said he had to use a knife to get Tommydoo's thumb off Luke's windpipe.



THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

JANUARY 17, 1939

PUBLIC EXERCISES

HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

JANUARY 17, 1939

THE public exercises of the Society were held in the Hall of the House of Representatives at eight o'clock on the evening of January 17, 1939.

The speakers of the evening included the Honorable Oscar L. Shepard, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who spoke briefly and fittingly of the contribution the Society can make to the preservation of the ideals of the state; President Leon S. Gay, member of the State Senate, who outlined the accomplishments of the Society through the past century; Mr. John Clement who described the significant activities of the organization, paying particular attention to the publications issued; Professor Arthur W. Peach who explained the functioning of the Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest; and John Spargo, the retiring president.

The high lights of the evening were the presentation of a resolution to Mr. Spargo and his address in response. The resolution:

Whereas The Honorable John Spargo has served the Vermont Historical Society for twelve years as its President, the tenth in its one hundred and one years, and has this day at his own request terminated his Presidency; and

Whereas Through the years of his leadership he has advanced the welfare and purpose of the Society, and promoted within and without our borders a greater appreciation of the impressive history of our Commonwealth; and

Whereas The record of his service includes the direction of Vermont's Sesquicentennial Celebration; the initiation of the Public

Records Commission; the enrichment by his own writings of Vermont historical literature; the erection of historical monuments; the sponsorship of the Historical Records Survey; the encouragement of local societies and museums of historical purpose; the publication of important works of permanent historical value to the Society, the State, and the Nation; the raising of large sums of money to further these ends; the enlistment of the interest and aid of students and scholars of distinction; and the awakening through the Edmunds Memorial Prize Essay Fund of an abiding realization that the history of Vermont can be a recurrent inspiration to Vermont youth of successive generations:

Be It Resolved That the Vermont Historical Society, determined to perpetuate his vigorous, unselfish, and unprecedented service, express to John Spargo for all his contributions, material and spiritual, its appreciative gratitude.

In responding to the resolution, Mr. Spargo said:

President Gay, Mr. Speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen:

One would have to be either more or less than a mere human being to be able to receive such a tribute of appreciation without being moved by profound emotion. Words cannot express what is in my heart as I reflect upon the generous—much too generous—resolution which you have adopted to mark my retirement from the presidency of this Society. At once very proud and no less humble, I trust myself only to say a simple “Thank you!” In whatever span of days may still be mine I shall regard your resolution with pride as the outward and visible sign of your approval of years of labor inspired by high purpose, and, I hope, not without beneficial fruitage, however restricted and marred by frustrations and failures due to human frailties of the flesh and the spirit. And when I have exhausted my span of earthly existence and have passed from the scene, perhaps my sons and their sons will find pleasure and pride in your generous words.

And, what is perhaps of greater importance, it may be that in some far distant time, a devoted and plodding curator of the Historical Museum at Bennington, poring over old and musty documents illustrative of these days that you and I live and labor in with so much difficulty and bewildering perplexity, will find this resolution and be cheered and aided by your generosity; his labor lightened and sweetened, and his discouragement and discontent lessened, by the evidence that the

quiet labors in the same field of another obscure worker like himself were not unappreciated or unrewarded. So your gracious act of friendship here tonight may strengthen the courage and determination of others to accept all that goes with self-consecration to the dream that is the motivating impulse of every historical society worthy the name.

Twelve years is a long time to have served in the presidency of such a society as this—too long for the best good of the society, I know. And because that is true, it is comforting to know that you all realize the fact that for several years past I held the office against my will and my better judgment. For years I begged with earnestness for an honorable discharge, and two years ago I delivered a “valedictory address” that proved quite ineffective for its purpose—so much so that it was by your resolve and act made the inaugural address for a new term. Although, happily, there is now no danger of any such mis-carriage of intention, I shall not deliver anything in the nature of a valedictory address on this occasion. The time-honored usage that one retiring after long service in such an office should make a farewell address is altogether admirable, but, for all that, I am not going to conform to it on this occasion. Many, many years ago, when I was a youth, poor and with nothing of worth except a golden dream in my heart, it was my good fortune to know and lovingly worship that splendid woman and incomparable artist, Adelina Patti. Over the dim stretches of the lost and spent years I still can hear her glorious, golden voice. She was a beautiful woman and world-famous artist in the rich autumn of her life with a wealth of glorious memories. I was a stripling, poor and unknown, in the springtime of life, entering upon the great adventure of the quest for life’s meaning with only a dream in my heart, but that dream a glorious one. Well do I remember how Adelina Patti’s friends teased her because she had made so many “farewell” appearances. None shall tease me for any such reason. My farewell address as president of this Society was delivered two years ago. Let it stand. I shall not make another.

I said a few moments ago that the motivating impulse of every historical society worthy of note is a cherished dream. There was a dream in my heart when I accepted the presidency of the Vermont Historical Society, successor to a distinguished line of predecessors. That dream has sustained me and guided me through the years of my service. It is cherished in my heart, undimmed, as I retire and pass the torch on to other hands. I am confident that a very similar

dream inspires the distinguished and able new leader to whose strong hands I have passed the torch. Did I not have confident faith in that, I should be most unhappy now, instead of gratefully happy as I am.

It is because we cherish in our hearts the dream of a future infinitely greater and better than our past—of a Vermont to be greater and better than Vermont has ever been—that we so zealously and affectionately concern ourselves with historical data relating to the founders of our little mountain commonwealth, the romance and heroism attendant upon its settlement, the strong and passionate faith and the simple but virile virtues that made and kept the pioneers self-reliant, mutually helpful and proudly free. It is for the purpose of deepening the intensity of that faith and strengthening its fibre in the youth of to-day, and inculcating in them a passionate devotion and loyalty to those virtues, that we exist. Otherwise, all our work must be sterile and unprofitable. From the very beginning of my official connection with the Society my greatest interest has been in the work we have done among our young people. Gradually we have built up what I described this afternoon as “a fellowship of devoted students and scholars” who have done an amazing amount of splendid work in historical research, of which any society might justly be proud, and of which we are proud. That work, in so far as it has been published in our *Proceedings* and other publications, has brought the rewards of high renown and the distinguished appreciation of historical scholars all over the land. But those rewards are of trifling worth or consequence compared to the evidence we have of its missionary value and merit.

Not without deliberate care have I chosen to speak of the “missionary value” of our work. In a troubled period of history, characterized by engulfing tides of brutal reaction, by moral instability, and by the insecurity of the intellectual and spiritual values we have believed to be immutable and unshakable, the supreme need of our democracy is an impregnable spiritual defense. Neither armies nor navies can give our democratic institutions that impregnable defense and the assured security we so profoundly desire. In this hour of pagan madness and brutality we need to remind ourselves that democracy is inseparable from and dependent upon faith in God and loyal obedience to His law. The equal right of all mankind, and the dignity of the human soul are the cornerstones of democracy and they are the inexorable logical consequences of an intelligent acceptance of God’s sovereignty. In what this organization is constantly trying to do to

inspire our youth with interest in and reverence for the history of our State there is implicit—and openly acknowledged before all men—a great spiritual purpose. That purpose is not the gratification of curiosity concerning things and events of antiquarian interest. It is the illumination of paths ahead by the light of past experience. It is the inspiration and strengthening of men and women to fight valiantly for freedom as their fathers fought before them, ready to dare all and give all so that they may be free. It is to make their love for Vermont greater and finer by reason of their reverent understanding of the heroism and sacrifice that made and has kept it until now the habitation of free men and women, firm in their resolve to remain free, equal in right and responsibility, masters of their own government, not its helpless slaves.

I hope that I have not wholly failed to transmit to you something like an adequate understanding of my personal conviction that the Vermont Historical Society has just claim to be regarded as one of the most important educational agencies of the State, giving rich and fruitful service, and abundantly justifying every dollar spent in its maintenance. I dare say, Mr. Speaker, that no single agency for which the Legislature makes any appropriation brings greater benefit to the State. Failure to sustain this work would be a tragic blunder and cause irreparable injury to the state of Vermont and to the nation. Weaken the one agency that is continuously inculcating reverence and pride in our heroic past, and by that act you will weaken the spiritual foundations of democratic and free government and strengthen the ugly forces of reaction and tyranny whose malevolent might is spreading over the world like a blighting pestilence.

Looking at this imposing document, this testimonial resolution you have so generously given to me, I think of another that I received in the land of my birth many years ago. A frail little urchin of ten and a half years held in his hand the formal certification of certain learned gentlemen in London, Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, that he had received all the education that they felt it was really necessary for Her Majesty's loyal subjects to receive; that now the puny little lad was "free" to become a wage earner, to engage in some "gainful occupation." Well, very soon, that little wage earner was to dream of quite another kind of freedom. At this moment, though more than half a century has passed, I can hear the mighty voice of William Ewart Gladstone, whose plea for manhood suffrage, the enfranchisement of men instead of property, stirred mighty impulses

and passionate prefigurings of a free world, a world in which all should be better than well; a world in which no man's gain should be paid for by another's degradation or suffering; a world in which sovereign citizens, each secure in the dignity of his own soul, make of their government an instrument to be used for their own purposes, each for all and all for each. The little lad, dreaming in far-away Cornwall, sharing—though he knew it not, then—with the best and bravest souls of all ages the most august and beautiful of all the dreams of mankind, became the willing bond-slave of freedom.

Bond-slave to freedom I remain, and shall remain to the end unless some calamity takes from me the light of reason and leaves me without intelligence or will. That explains why I have lived so long in Vermont and have loved it so passionately—loved its hills and valleys and its people with ever increasing devotion and pride. For here the spirit of freedom is in the air we breathe. That is the glorious heritage bequeathed by such men as Ethan Allen and Thomas Chittenden. I stood on the platform of the little railway station at Bennington and heard Calvin Coolidge proclaim his proud conviction that if tyranny should be triumphant in this nation, and the spirit of liberty should perish in every other State of the Union, here in Vermont it would remain alive, sufficient in its volume and its virility to restore freedom once again throughout the United States. There are no words at my command adequate to express the joy and pride that thrilled my being as I listened to those inspired and deathless words, which surely are destined to be the inspiration and joy of Vermonters as long as Vermont herself shall endure.

Then, a few days ago, there came from the Governor of this state and from its General Assembly, two stirring declarations vibrant with the authentic ring of freedom, utterances in the spirit of Calvin Coolidge's great prophetic boast. So far as I am concerned, there may be sincere and reputable differences of opinion concerning the wisdom or unwisdom of building the dam at Union Village, or about the whole flood prevention plan, but there can be no question concerning the value of those proud and defiant declarations to the cause of freedom and democracy. They enhance my pride in Vermont and they strengthen my faith in the future. During these late terrible years, with millions of other perplexed and anxious souls, I have watched the rising tide of reaction throughout the world. In country after country, dearly won liberties have been lost, replaced by the ugly tyrannies of totalitarian states. Hundreds of millions of human beings

this night are dwelling in the awful darkness of lost liberties; they are helpless victims of the pagan doom of brutal oppression, reduced to the status of enslaved servitors of absolute despotisms in which there is neither freedom of mind nor any dignity of soul. God knows how bitter the struggle has been to hold faith in the dream of liberty!

Watching the progress backward in the nations of the Old World, most of us have clung to the belief that in some manner we should be preserved from a like fate; that nothing of the sort can ever happen here. But as I have watched the growth of bureaucratic rule in this country, and the ever mounting energy and resourcefulness of government in moulding the thinking of our people to a pattern suited to its will and its designs, I have faced the terrible fact that the eclipse of liberty and democracy in this land, and the erection here of a totalitarian state, may encompass a servile heritage for our children; that we whose sires bequeathed us liberties they won for us by heroism and sacrifice may bequeath to our sons the galling servitude of some form of totalitarian state. But when the Governor and the General Assembly of Vermont took their defiant stand in defense of a great and vital principle of constitutional freedom, my heart sang with holy joy. I felt then that the faith of Calvin Coolidge was verified. In this closing word to you, my associates in this ancient and honorable Society, I say with grateful pride that now Vermont has spoken, in the great spirit of the men who chose for her the noble motto, "Freedom and Unity," I believe that we can face the future unafraid. These hills and valleys still produce and nourish men and women in whose bloodstream is an ineradicable love of liberty; who will live under no government which they do not themselves direct and master; who will think freely and without dictation; who accept no compulsion save the self-imposed compulsion to be free; who will give unquestioning obedience only to God.

Twelve years ago I accepted the leadership of this society, a sacred trust. To-day I have relinquished that leadership, and it has been placed by you in more vigorous and stronger hands. In passing the torch onward I am conscious of the fact that much that I had hoped to do remains undone, and that much that has been done might have been better done had I been wiser or stronger. But at least the trust reposed in me twelve years ago and renewed every year since then has not been stained or sullied by any self-seeking or infidelity. You paid me a great compliment when you elected me first to be your president. You have paid me another great compliment this evening by

the adoption of this eloquent and generous tribute. Even greater than either, however, is the compliment you have paid me by the election of my successor. You sought out the best that Vermont had to fill my place. What finer compliment could you have devised to mark my retirement?

President Gay, I congratulate you upon your election and I congratulate the Society upon its good fortune in securing a new leader so richly endowed with the gifts and graces of intellect and character. Proud as I am to have been president of the Vermont Historical Society, my pride is even greater that I am turning its responsibilities over to one of whom Vermont is justly proud. For the Society and for you, its president, I wish abundant success and increasing usefulness. For the Society and for you let me offer this benediction:

*God grant you
In the common things of life—
Good common sense;
And in the larger things
Uncommon sense;
And in the largest things of all
His own God-sense;
God-sense of what is right and fit,
So that in every circumstance
Of life and death, you may acquit
Yourself as He deems well;
In all make good deliverance,
In all without offense excel,
In all add glory to His name
And His estate enhance!*

SECRETARY'S REPORT

By PHIL S. HOWES

Pursuant to printed notice the one hundred and first meeting of the Vermont Historical Society was held in its rooms in the State Office building at two o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, January 17, 1939. The meeting was called to order by President Spargo. The follow-

ing members were present: Joseph W. Blakely, John Clement, Leon W. Dean, Edward H. Deavitt, Leon S. Gay, F. Whitney Harrington, Phil S. Howes, Dorman B. E. Kent, John McDill, Lottie E. R. Mills, Mary G. Nye, Arthur W. Peach, Merrill C. Perry, Harold G. Rugg, John Spargo, John E. Weeks.

The records of the last meeting were read and on motion of Mr. Clement were approved.

Miss Lawson read her report as Librarian, and on motion of Messrs. Smith and Rugg the report was accepted and placed on file.

Mr. Harrington read his report as Treasurer and on motion of Mr. Clement it was accepted, approved, and ordered placed on file.

The President appointed as a committee to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year, John E. Weeks, Merrill C. Perry, and John McDill.

On motion of Mr. Clement the Secretary was directed to cast one ballot for the following list of applicants, and this being done they were declared elected active members.

Lillian M. Ainsworth, 37 Barre St., Montpelier, Vt.

T. D. Seymour Bassett, Burlington, Vt.

Charles B. Borden, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Alice Frink Colton, 55 Trafton Rd., Springfield, Mass.

George N. Dale, 43 Soundview Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

Charles G. DuBois, 70 Lydesker St., Englewood, N. J.

Miriam Fitts, Montpelier, Vt.

Lorenzo Frederick Hagglund, 71 Bar Beach Rd., Port Washington, N. Y.

George W. Howe, 111 Ingersoll Grove, Springfield, Mass.

Frederick W. Lapham, 33 Ledgemere St., Burlington, Vt.

Maude B. Louis, 39 Claremont Terrace, Swampscott, Mass.

William R. McFeeters, St. Albans, Vt.

Mary E. McKeogh, 54 Morse Place, Rutland, Vt.

Sherman R. Moulton, 178 So. Prospect St., Burlington, Vt.

Ray Nash, Royalton, Vt.

Mrs. Mary H. Pease, Burlington, Vt.

Merrill C. Perry, Morrisville, Vt.

Arthur Ernest Robinson, 353 Roslyn Place, Cor. E. 59th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Stephen G. B. Robinson, 56 Scarboro Beach Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Rutland Free Library (C. M. Gorton, Librarian), Court St., Rutland, Vt.

D. A. Skelly, 49 Robinson Court, Burlington, Vt.

George H. Smith, Lewis, N. Y.

Mrs. Celia Stickle, 2346 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

George B. Wright, Orwell, Vt.

The Secretary read a list of members whose deaths have been reported since the last meeting: Frederick G. Fleetwood, Morrisville; Dr. Arthur B. Bisbee, Montpelier; Leighton P. Slack, Montpelier; Phoebe E. Spalding, Claremont, Calif.; James N. Jenne, Burlington; Frank E. Langley, Barre; George M. Powers, Morrisville; Frederick S. Pease, Burlington; Charles I. Button, Middlebury; James M. Gifford, New York; John Barrett, Burlington; Dan D. Burditt, Pittsford; Gilbert E. Woods, St. Johnsbury; George A. Pettigrew, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Emory A. Melendy, So. Londonderry.

The nominating committee submitted the following names as candidates for officers: President: Leon S. Gay, Cavendish; Vice Presidents: Mortimer R. Proctor, Proctor, Dorman B. E. Kent, Montpelier, Elbert S. Brigham, Montpelier, Curtis R. Smith, St. Albans; Secretary: Phil S. Howes, Montpelier; Treasurer: F. Whitney Harrington, Montpelier; Directors: Harold G. Rugg, John Clement, Walter R. Hard, John Spargo; Ex Officio: Rawson C. Myrick, Benjamin Gates, Harrison J. Conant, Leon S. Gay, Phil S. Howes, F. Whitney Harrington.

On motion of Mr. Smith the Secretary was directed to cast one ballot for this list of names, and this being done they were declared elected as officers for the year ensuing.

President-elect Gay made brief remarks accepting the office and requested Mr. Spargo to continue in the chair until the close of the meeting after announcing that Messrs. Clement, Peach and Rugg were to present a resolution of appreciation of the services of Mr. Spargo for his long service as President of the Society. The resolution to be presented at the public meeting to be held in the evening at 7.30 in the hall of the House of Representatives.

The Secretary reported the following names of those who have resigned or have been dropped during the past year: *Resignations*—Mrs. Alla L. Shores, Tallahassee, Fla.; John F. Blamy, Windsor; Ethel W. Hill, Bellows Falls; Luman B. Howe, Montpelier; Anna L. Gibson, Boston. *Dropped*—Gertrude Daniels, Grafton; James

W. Tyson, Jr., So. Strafford; Carrie B. Sibley, No. Montpelier; Rev. Alba M. Markey, West Burke.

Mr. Leon W. Dean of the Historical Records Commission told of the work of the Survey and of finding the records of extinct churches and in some cases they had been asked what could be done with the data. Mr. Spargo assured him that the Society is glad to receive and preserve such records.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned to meet in the Representatives Hall at 7.30 P.M.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

By AGNES K. LAWSON

Time has brought another year of progress to a close as may be seen by the following report of your librarian-curator.

Books and Publications

General. The publications of the Society are beginning to take a front seat in the book world when they are reviewed across the Atlantic in a leading bookdealers' and print sellers' catalogue under the heading, "Reviews of Noteworthy American New Books." Furthermore, a foremost London bookdealer has asked to be kept informed of all the books we publish. In America, demands are constantly being made by magazines and newspapers of merit for review copies of our publications.

The *Reader's Digest* informed us they "take pleasure in enclosing two checks for \$10—each, in payment to the author and the Vermont Historical Society" for the privilege of using certain quotations from "Some Characteristics of Northern Vermont Wit" by Robert Davis (*Proceedings*: 1937, N. S., vol. 5, no. 4) in the February 1938 issue of the *Reader's Digest* on page 50.

The publications of the Society, stored in several places, have been more or less constantly moved about the last few years. All of them have been moved from the Arsenal, a mile away, to a storeroom, near the Society's rooms, where they have been carefully cleaned, wrapped in packages, marked, and placed systematically on shelves constructed for the purpose.

The second-class mailing privilege has been secured again for the mailing out of the *Proceedings*, but of necessity these must be mailed at the place printed, which is Brattleboro. The addressing of the wrappers has been made easier as the address list has been recut on new stencils by a special business firm.

Permission has been granted on several occasions to quote from certain publications.

Expressions of enjoyment and praise, both oral and written, have been extended to the Vermont Historical Society in behalf of the *Proceedings*. For example, one member wrote us immediately upon receiving the December, 1938, issue of the *Proceedings* as follows:

I am enclosing check for my dues.

I cannot begin to tell you how worthwhile I consider the Vermont Historical Society. Its real value is, of course, in gathering, publishing and preserving the great wealth of material pertaining to our people. It is a real privilege which I and the others have of being members and receiving the printed material. You and the other officers and contributors are doing a great work.

John Whittemore's autobiography is a thriller. It is much better than many of the books which are being widely read. It should somehow be made available to the public at large.

One staunch member, in expressing his appreciation to the Society, wrote us as follows after receiving two copies of a certain issue of the *Proceedings* he had ordered:

I have placed them with friends who are deeply interested in Vermont and its history, and I have hopes that they may produce at least one new member for the Vermont Historical Society. I appreciate my membership in your Society and consider your publications are worth far more than the small amount I am called upon to pay for dues.

Published

Proceedings issued four timesca. 2800

(Mar. ca. 800, June ca. 600, Sept. ca. 650, Dec. ca. 750)

Heads of Families at the Second Census of the United States

Taken in the Year 1800. Vermont 500

This volume, containing 233 pages and available upon the receipt

of \$5, was brought into printed form under the direction of Dorman B. E. Kent. The four large photostat volumes of this census in our possession were presented to the Society by Mortimer Proctor, of Proctor, in 1922. If any errors are discovered in the names of the heads of families, we should appreciate learning of them.

Sold. Books and publications 299

Of this number 158 were copies of the *Proceedings* issued during 1937 and 1938 under the editorship of Arthur Wallace Peach. Not infrequently, requests for copies of our publications come from Canada and such far-away places as Vancouver Island in British Columbia.

Genealogical Notes. In appreciation of what the genealogical library of the Vermont Society of Colonial Dames means to the Society, a Book List of their Genealogical Library of about 460 books was compiled by your librarian, which they published. This collection, started in 1912, has grown to its present size because of their generous annual appropriation for the buying of genealogies.

It gives me great pleasure to pay an honest and long-deserved tribute to the man responsible for the existence of one of the Society's most valued assets—that of an excellent working genealogical library of New England families. This collection, which represents about half of the books in the library, is a living monument to the name of Dorman Bridgman Eaton Kent.

A certain Professor Emeritus, from a midwestern state, remarked after searching for his ancestors several days, that because we had the "goods," he and his wife would have to come and spend next summer with us.

All those of you who are experiencing difficulty in tracing your Vermont ancestors may find Gilbert H. Doane's twenty-page article, "Vermont a Stumbling Block in Midwestern Genealogy," reprinted from the *Indiana Magazine of History*, XXXIV, No. 1, Mar., 1938, a helpful guide in the solution of your problems.

An example of the joy that comes to one from serving certain patrons follows: Although the library closes its doors at 4.00 o'clock, one anxious woman arrived about 4.05 after having made a frantic search to find the genealogical library. As it happened, luck was with her. She explained breathlessly she was all the way from California, might never come here again, and her husband was im-

patiently waiting outside in the car. As it seemed evident the finding of one of her Vermont ancestors was a matter of life and death at the moment on one of the hottest days of summer, I was only too glad to see if he could be found. She said she *felt* if only she might gain entrance to the genealogical library at Montpelier, she should find there that which she was seeking. She did! Words cannot express the joy that was mine upon seeing her so happy. It is only reasonable to suppose that all cannot find within the confines of the Vermont Historical Society the desired information, but it is gratifying to know that many do! If all those who have given of their best in behalf of the Society, during the last one hundred years, could but know of the service the Vermont Historical Society is gladly rendering to the public, each and every one should rest the more sweetly in peace while knowing that his labors have not been in vain.

General Items. Certain historical objects in the museum collection have been considered worthy of being represented in articles on special subjects.

The annual lot of books was sent to the bindery to be rebound.

An inventory was taken of the most used portion of books in the library.

Earnest effort was made to make the files of the minutes, proceedings, etc., of certain religious and fraternal organizations in Vermont more complete.

A brief survey of the history, purpose, holdings, space, arrangement, rules as to use, and outstanding collections in the manuscript files has been taken, and since revised, for the Historical Records Survey for the purpose of being incorporated in a volume, *Guide to Depositories of Manuscript Collections in the United States*, to be published by the Historical Records Survey, WPA, at Washington, D. C. The preliminary edition has already appeared.

It is pleasing, now and then, to make the acquaintance of some of the members of the Society scattered over the country either by their visits to the library and museum or by correspondence.

Mr. Henry M. Chittenden, of Los Angeles, California, who believes he is the "Last of the Mohegans" of living descendants of the first governor of Vermont, Thomas Chittenden, 1730-1797, bearing the family name, visited the library and museum in search of existing information relating to his ancestor.

Gifts. Among the interesting gifts received, I have selected six

that are outstanding to tell about, although more are worthy of being mentioned.

From the Honorable Warren R. Austin, of Washington, D. C., came the quill pen used by the late Senator Justin Smith Morrill, 1810-1898, who was the last Senator to use one. The pen was presented to Mr. Austin by his friend, Mr. Carl A. Laeffler, Secretary to the Minority in the Senate. At the time Senator Morrill was there, Mr. Laeffler was a page, whose special duty it was to supply pen points and holders on all the desks in the Senate Chamber. The name of "Justin S. Morrill, Vt." is written in ink on the white feather quill.

Mrs. William W. Stickney, of Tyson, gave numerous manuscript volumes of business records used by the old Tyson Iron Furnace, at Tyson Furnace, dating from 1834 to 1887. In 1884 Tyson Furnace was a small post village located in the southern part of the town of Plymouth on the line of Ludlow. It contained one store, a hotel, a saw, clapboard, chair-stock and gristmill, a schoolhouse, public hall, blacksmith shop, cheese factory, and about seventy-five inhabitants.

A powder horn, since mounted, taken from a dead British soldier at the Battle of Bunker Hill by John Jacob Peeler, early settler of Vernon, was the gift of lineal descendants, Mrs. Julia A. Newton, Mrs. Harriet L. Thomas, and Mrs. Nellie M. Wood, all members of the Brattleboro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

John Jacob Peeler, both loyalist and patriot, who deserted the British army after five years' service, was captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to receive 999 lashes, straightened after each blow, upon the naked back with a cat-o'-nine-tails. He deserted again, was not found, and enlisted in the American Army in the Revolutionary War where he served as a private at the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was here that he took the powder horn from a British soldier. Born in Germany, Mr. Peeler died in Vernon, March 24, 1815, in his 70th year.

We feel very fortunate that Mr. W. D. Chandler, of St. Albans, considered New England's oldest professional photographer, generously and gladly presented us with his indexed collection, in three large volumes, of artistic photographs of Vermont landscapes. His pictures of Vermont scenes have been distributed all over New England, and a number have been included in several photographic anthologies.

Judge Seth N. Gage, of Ascutney, presented us with an original

manuscript of *A Plan of Weathersfield* drawn from the actual survey and the best information agreeable to a Resolve of the Legislature at their Session in Windsor 1791. The framed document is dated September 10, 1792.

Loyalists. Canadians, as well as Americans, are developing a keen interest in the subject of the Loyalists. The appearance of Thomas C. Lampee's article, "The Missisquoi Loyalists," printed in the *Proceedings*: 1938, N. S., vol. 6, no. 2, has not been untimely. For some time the library has been collecting worthwhile books on this subject. One of them is known as the "Loyalist Reports," being the *Second Report of the Bureau of Archives for the Province of Ontario* by Alexander Fraser, two volumes in one, 1904.

Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier Marquis de Lafayette Collection. This group of books, pamphlets, and scrapbooks, which Mrs. Mary Grace Canfield, of Woodstock, used in writing her booklet, *Lafayette in Vermont*, 1934, and presented to the library last year, has revealed in the cataloguing that the collection is sure to add to the enrichment of our resources.

Sponsorship. The Society is sponsoring as a WPA project, in an office at the Pavilion Hotel, a master index of all men known to have participated in the capture and possession of Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, 1775, the Battle of Hubbardton, July 7, 1777, and the Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777. Dr. Alfred O'Connell, of Barre, is supervising the work. The desired information is being gleaned, for the most part, from reference books in the library.

When the work of collection, compilation, and indexing has been done, the Historical Society will meet the cost of printing and publishing the lists in volume form.

Preservation of Handwriting of Manuscripts. To prevent the rays of the sun and light from fading the handwriting of two historical documents, written over 150 years ago, on display in the museum, amber-colored protective filters have been placed over the following important manuscripts:

A coroner's inquisition on the killing of William French in the Court House at Westminster, then in Cumberland County, New York, March 15, 1775, signed under the hand and seal of Timothy Olcott, coroner, and seventeen others. This event, known as the "Westminster Massacre," is regarded by many to be the first blood shed by the patriots in the defense of the Colonies in the Revolutionary War, antedating the affair at Lexington by over a month.

A letter written by Ethan Allen to his brother, Levi, upon "the subject of wheat or flower, a subject of the utmost moment to Col. Ira and myself . . .," dated Burlington, June 3, 1787.

These filters were supplied by the firm in New York City that furnished similar protection to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, in the Library of Congress, generally regarded as the two most important documents in the nation's history.

Printing. The tercentenary of printing in America was observed this past year in commemoration of the arrival from England in 1638 of the first printing press used north of Mexico on this continent. It was set up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, by Stephen Daye, whose first work on it was *The Freeman's Oath*, printed in 1639. On it was also printed in 1640 the first book in English printed in America, known as *The Bay Psalm Book*.

The press was afterwards taken by a descendant of Samuel Green to New London, Connecticut, where it remained until about 1773, when it was removed to Norwich, Connecticut.

In 1778 it was taken to Dresden, now Hanover, New Hampshire; from there to Westminster, Vermont, where in 1781 it was used for the printing of *The Vermont Gazette or Green Mountain Post Boy*, the first newspaper printed in Vermont.

In the year 1783, George Hough and Alden Spooner moved the press to Windsor and used it for printing *The Vermont Journal and Universal Advertiser*.

It was finally secured by the newspaper men of Vermont and presented to the Vermont Historical Society.

Publicity. *The Christian Science Monitor*, in its October 22, 1938 issue, on the front page of the Second Section, has an illustrated article on "Economic Role Found for New England Covered Bridges." W. Clifford Harvey writes in a subheading on "Saving of Covered Bridges Possible" that "the old covered bridges are not without their champions, among them being the President of the Vermont Historical Society, John Spargo, who not only brands the continued destruction of the mellowed spans as 'senseless waste' but to-day suggests a sound, economic plan for saving them from the ax and the scrap heap. . . ."

Summary. Aside from carrying out routine details and serving a constant flow of research workers under the WPA and an increasing number of historical and genealogical patrons, all extra time and energy have been concentrated on the cataloguing of manuscripts.

Library

Accessions	520
Titles	121
Volumes	134
Transfers from State Library	12
Colonial Dames' books	18
Pamphlets	198
Maps	2
Broadsides	32
Continuations	111
Account and manuscript record books	88
Pictures	175
Scrapbooks	13
Engraving plates	3
Manuscripts (single pieces)	74
Manuscript groups (more than one piece)	98
Manuscripts (loose pieces altogether)	14760
Total catalogue cards filed	1807
Total items catalogued (irrespective of grouping)	842
Inquiries answered by letter	1060
Books put away	9875
Donors	100

INTERESTING ACCESSIONS

Vermont Imprints

- ? *An adventure in Vt.; or, the story of Mr. Anderson* . . . (Bennington, Vt.), William Haswell. 24pp.
- ? Humphrey, H. *The New England primer* . . . Middlebury, Vt., L. W. Clark. 104pp.
- 1808 *The Vermont register and almanac* . . . Middlebury, (Vt.), J. D. Huntington. 152pp.
- 1809 *The Vermont register and almanac* . . . Middlebury, (Vt.), J. D. Huntington. 144pp.
- 1811 Murray, Lindley. *Abridgment of Murray's English grammar*. Bennington, Vt., William Haswell. 106pp.
- 1812 Rowe, Mrs. Elizabeth. *Devout exercises of the heart* . . . Windsor, (Vt.), Bible-office. 173pp.

- 1813 Beers, Andrew. *The farmers' calendar, or the New York, Vt., and Conn. almanac* . . . Bennington, Vt., William Haswell. Unpaged.
- 1814 *An extract from Elder John Leland's budget of scraps.* Rutland, (Vt.), Fay & Davison. 12pp.
- 1814 Haynes, Silvanus. *The bible method of supporting the gospel ministry* . . . Rutland, (Vt.), Fay & Davison. 23pp.
- 1815 Beers, Andrew. *The farmers' calendar, or the New York, Vt., and Conn. almanac* . . . Bennington, (Vt.), Darius Clark & co. Unpaged.
- 1815 Wright, Chester. *An address delivered* . . . July 5, 1814 . . . Montpelier, Vt., Walton & Goss. 11pp.
- 1816 Buck, Charles. *The young Christian's guide* . . . Windsor, Vt., Pomroy & Hedge. 142pp.
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- 1837 (Wooster, Orlando.) *Characters and characteristics of Middlebury College* by Auctor Incertus. Middlebury, (Vt.). 22pp.
- 1839 Worcester, Leonard. *A memorial of what God hath wrought.* Montpelier, (Vt.), E. P. Walton & Sons. 16pp.

Manuscripts

- Ballard, Daniel of Pittsfield. *Journal, 1816-1818.* 1 vol.
- Barnard, Vt. *Copy of vital records, 1727-1906.* 7 vols.
- Bartlett, Josiah, 1729-1795. *A.l.s. to Gov. Meshech Weare of New Hampshire, Sept. 26, 1778.*
- Birchard, Levi O. of Shoreham. *Papers, 1805-1814.*
- Birchard, Rollin of Shoreham. *Elements of geometry with a supplement.* Shoreham, Vt., published by the author, No. 2 Poverty Lane, 1843. 22pp.
- Briggs, Ephraim D., 1782-1868. *Account books, 1811-1876.* 29 vols.
- Briggs, Ephraim D., 1782-1868. *Papers, 1800-1858.*
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- Fullerton, Thomas S. of Windsor. *Papers, 1826-1881.*

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- Newton, William Monroe, 1864-19—. History of Methodism in Eastern Vermont.
- Newton, William Monroe, 1864-19—. The old Barnard circuit. 4 vols.
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- Stevens, Henry, 1791-1867. Part of his address before the Vermont Historical Society, 1843.
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- Sumner, David Hubbard, 1776-1867. Papers, 1807-1859.
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- Troy Female Seminary, Troy, New York. A.d.s. to Emma Willard, 1787-1870, Aug. 8, 1827.
- Two Heroes, Vt. Militia company list, Apr. 23, 1787.
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 Woodstock, Vt. School district, no. 14. Records, 1814-1854. 1 vol.
 Woodstock Railroad company. Records, 1867.

General

- Chandler, W. D. Scrapbooks of photographs of Vermont rivers, mountains, valleys, villages, hamlets, railroad stations, etc., taken from about 1892 to about 1910. 3 vols.
 Cross, William Faden Charing. Map of *The attack and defeat of the American fleet under Benedict Arnold by the Kings fleet commanded by Captⁿ. Tho^s. Pringle, upon Lake Champlain, the 11th of October, 1776*. From a sketch taken by an officer on the spot. London, pub. by Wm. Faden (successor to the late Mr. Jefferys geographer to the King), Charing Cross, Dec^r. 3^d, 1776.
 Hinman, A. P. *How a British subject became president of the United States* . . . New York, 1884. 90pp. (Relative to Chester Alan Arthur, 1830-1886.)
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 New Hampshire. Governor. Benning Wentworth. . . . A proclamation . . . given at the Council-Chamber in Portsmouth the 13th day of March, 1764. Portsmouth, N. H., Daniel Fowle, 1764. Broadside. (Reprinted in New Hampshire State Papers, 1749-1792. v. 10, pp. 208-210. Relative to "all the Land from the West Side of Connecticut River. . . .")
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 Walker, F. W. *Daring robbery! One hundred dollars reward!* Advertisement dated Benson, Vt., Sept. 8, 1849. Whitehall, N. Y., Southmayd, printer, 1849. Broadside.

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TREASURER'S REPORT

By F. WHITNEY HARRINGTON

December 31, 1938

To the Officers and Members of the Vermont Historical Society:

Gentlemen:

I have the honor to submit the following report of your Treasurer for the calendar year ending December 31, 1938.

It has been suggested by the Directors of your Society that this report, due to its length and dryness and to more important matters to come before this meeting and to the fact that it is published in the next issue of our *Proceedings*, be not read in its entirety. Carrying out this suggestion I will read only that part of the report having to do with receipts and disbursements.

Your Treasurer has had the same routine duties as in past years and there is little to report of an unusual nature.

The funds invested remain the same with the exception of one item. Five new bonds have been purchased by the Investment Committee and after this meeting I understand that this committee plan to meet with the view of further investing funds available.

I wish to call your attention to the amount of money available under the Edmunds Interest Trust Fund in case any further expansion of this project is contemplated or desirable.

Respectfully submitted,

F. WHITNEY HARRINGTON,
Treasurer.

To the Officers and Members of the
Vermont Historical Society
Montpelier, Vermont.

Gentlemen:

In accordance with instructions received from Mr. F. Whitney Harrington, Treasurer, I have examined the books and records of the Vermont Historical Society of Montpelier, Vermont for the period from January 1 to December 31, 1938.

Herewith are submitted the following statements which comprise the results of my examination:

EXHIBIT "A"—Statement of Resources

As of December 31, 1938

EXHIBIT "B"—Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements

From January 1, to December 31, 1938

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

I have compared the attached Statement of Resources with the books and records of the Vermont Historical Society as of December 31, 1938, and the Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements for the period from January 1 to December 31, 1938.

I have verified all items representing resources with the records pertaining thereto and

I hereby certify that in my opinion, the attached Statement of Resources reflects a true and fair exhibit of the financial condition of the Society as of December 31, 1938.

Respectfully submitted,

(signed) **FREDERICK A. MAYO,**
Accountant and Auditor.

Dated at Montpelier, Vt.
January 14, 1939.

GENERAL COMMENTS:

The net increase in resources for the year ended December 31, 1938 amounted to \$1,828.61.

Quotations on investments in stocks and bonds were received and are set forth below:

Investments in stocks:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Shares</i>	<i>Bought At</i>	<i>Current Market</i>	<i>Date Quoted</i>
American Tel. & Tel.	50	119 ⁵ / ₈	150 Bid	Jan. 4
Ches. & Ohio R.R.	51	47 ¹ / ₂	87	Jan. 4
Conn. Light & Power (pfd)	50	98 ¹ / ₂	115	Jan. 9
Duquesne Light & Power (pfd)	50	103	115	Jan. 4
New Eng. Tel. & Tel.	50	94 ⁵ / ₈	105	Jan. 4

Investments in bonds:

At., Top. & Santa Fe (Gen. 4s)	101 ¹ / ₂	107 ³ / ₈	Dec. 31
Gov't of Dominion of Canada	97 ¹ / ₄	98 ¹ / ₂	Jan. 9
Cons. Fed. Farm Loan (3s)	99 ¹ / ₂	105 ¹ / ₂	Jan. 4
Narragansett Electric Co. (Ser. A3 ¹ / ₂ s)	102.83	107	Jan. 1
New Eng. Tel. & Tel. (4 ¹ / ₂ s B)	107 ¹ / ₄	123 ⁷ / ₈	Dec. 29

EXHIBIT "A"

STATEMENT OF RESOURCES AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1938

Cash in Bank (Exhibit "B") \$ 699.94

Investment Funds:

Acct. No. 5862	\$ 2,654.87	
53211	2,664.82	
11171	2,660.42	
23533	4,509.27	
43692	4,458.11	
16123	4,458.01	
28090	2,664.82	
13387	2,664.82	
14755	4,458.01	
17607	2,671.40	
19035	3,381.48	
10643	4,511.88	
26100	4,458.01	4,6215.92

Trust Funds:

Dewey Monument Fund:

No. 24813	\$ 3,247.39	
10753	4,902.03	
Edmunds Interest Trust Fund	1,626.99	
Edmunds Principal Trust Fund	13,794.46	23,570.87

Investments:

Stocks—

American Tel. & Tel., 50 shares Com.	\$ 5,998.32	
Ches. & Ohio R.R., 51 shares	2,385.22	
Conn. Light & Power, 50 pfd shares	4,925.21	
Duquesne Light & Power, 50 pfd shares	5,150.00	
New Eng. Tel. & Tel.	4,743.03	
Montpelier Savings Bank, 4,262 shares	4,262.00	27,463.78

Bonds—

At., Top. & Santa Fe (Gen. 4s)	\$ 5,093.93	
Gov't of the Dominion of Canada	4,865.83	
Cons. Fed. Farm Loan (3s)	9,950.00	
Narragansett Electric Co. (Ser. A)	10,305.36	
New Eng. Tel. & Tel. ("B")	10,925.00	41,140.12

Certificates of Participation:

Montpelier National Bank	383.59
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TOTAL RESOURCES \$139,474.22

SURPLUS ACCOUNT \$139,474.22

EXHIBIT "B"

STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FROM JANUARY 1 TO DECEMBER 31, 1938

Cash in Bank, January 1, 1938	\$3,015.30
Cash on Hand, January 1, 1938	6.96 \$ 3,022.26

Receipts:

Current Dues	\$ 582.00	
Other Dues	167.00	
Edmunds Fund	647.19	
Old Books	213.85	
Proceedings	138.28	
Interest and Dividends	3,687.63	
Refunds and Miscellaneous	26.20	
From "Reader's Digest" for Quotation ..	10.00	
Library	7.30	
Appropriation	2,500.00	
Transfers	6,374.18	
Dividend—Participation Certificates	255.14	14,608.77

Total Receipts \$17,631.03

Disbursements:

Salaries	\$2,228.25	
Old Books	2,589.42	
Proceedings	2,102.34	
Printing	631.32	
Library	337.75	
Postage, Express and Travel	191.47	
Edmund's	538.65	
Auditing	10.00	
Bond	25.00	
Box Rental and Miscellaneous	9.51	
Certificates	6.60	
Historical Research	25.55	
Refunds	4.00	
Roster of Soldiers Participating in Battle of Bennington	252.40	
Bond Investment	4,865.83	
Transfers	3,113.00	16,931.09

Cash in Bank December 31, 1938, Exhibit "A" \$ 699.94

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